Alla ſtucatho carries it away,
Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

Ti. VVhat woulds thou haue with me?

M. Good King of Cats, no thing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, & as you ſhall vſe me hereafter dry beate the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilcher by the eares? make haſt, leaſt mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Ti. I am for you.

Ro. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come ſir your Paſſado.

Ro. Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for ſhame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expreſly hath
Forbid bandying in *Verona* ſtreetes,
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tibalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houſes, I am ſped,
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. VVhat art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marry tis inough,
VVhere is my Page? goe villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No tis not ſo deepe as a well, nor ſo wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill ſerue: aske for me to morrow, and you ſhall find me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houſes, ſounds a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat to ſcratch a man to death, a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the booke of arithmetick, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benuolio*,

Or

Or I ſhall faint, a plague a both your houſes.
They haue made wormes meat of me,
I haue it, and ſoundly to your houſes.

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath gott his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtaind
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tibalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin, O ſweet *Iuliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valours ſteele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the Cloudes,
VVhich too vntimely here did ſcorne the earth.

Ro. This daies blacke fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others muſt end.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

Ro. He gon in triumph and *Mercutio* ſlaine,
Away to heauen reſpectiue lenitie,
And fier and fury, be my conduct now,
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine back againe,
That late thou gaueſt me, for *Mercutios* ſoule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt goe with him.

Ti. Thou wretched boy that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Ro. This ſhall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt *falles.*

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tibalt* ſlaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince will doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence be gone away.

Rome